

D U E T.

FROM MILTON.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glitt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertil earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glitt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

G L E E.

O'ER William's tomb, with silent grief oppress,
 Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;
 Not tears alone, but praises too she gives,
 Due to the guardian of our laws and lives;
 Nor shall that laurel ever fade with years,
 Whose leaves are water'd with a nation's tears.